PROLOGUE,
TO THE
Duke of GUISE.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*: Spoken by Mr. *Smith*.

OUR Play's a Parallel: The Holy League
Begot our Cov'nant: Guiſards got the Whigg:
Whate'er our hot-brain'd Sheriffs did advance,
Was, like our Faſhions, firſt produc'd in *France*:
And, when worn out, well ſcourg'd, and baniſh'd there,
Sent over, like their godly Beggars here.
Cou'd the ſame Trick, twice play'd, our Nation gull?
It looks as if the Devil were grown dull;
Or ſerv'd us up, in ſcorn, his broken Meat,
And thought we were not worth a better Cheat.
The fulſome Cov'nant, one wou'd think in reaſon,
Had giv'n us all our Bellys-full of Treaſon:
And yet, the Name but chang'd, our nafty Nation
Chaws its own Excrement, th'Aſſociation.
'Tis true we have not learn'd their pois'ning way,
For that's a mode but newly come in play;
Beſides, your Drug's uncertain to prevail;
But your true Proteſtant can never fail,
With that compendious Inſtrument, a Flail.
Go on; and bite, ev'n though the Hook lies bare;
Twice in one Age expell the lawfull Heir:
Once more decide Religion by the Sword;
And purchaſe for us a new Tyrant Lord.
Pray for your King; but yet your Purſes ſpare;
Make him not two-Pence richer by your Prayer.
To ſhow you love him much, chaſtiſe him more;
And make him very Great, and very Poor.
Puſh him to Wars, but ſtill no Pence advance;
Let him loſe *England* to recover *France*.
Cry Freedom up with Popular noiſy Votes:
And get enough to cut each others Throats,

PROLOGUE.

Lop all the Rights that fence your Monarch's Throne;
For fear of too much Pow'r, pray leave him none.
A noiſe was made of Arbitrary Sway;
But in Revenge, you Whiggs, have found a way,
An Arbitrary Duty now to pay.
Let his own Servants turn, to ſave their ſtake;
Glean from his plenty, and his wants forſake.
But let ſome *Judas* near his Perſon ſtay,
To ſwallow the laſt Sop, and then betray.
Make *London* independant of the Crown:
A Realm apart; the Kingdom of the Town.
Let *Ignoramus* Juries find no Traitors:
And *Ignoramus* Poets ſcribble Satyres.
And, that your meaning none may fail to ſcan,
Doe, what in Coffee-houſes you began;
Pull down the Maſter, and Set up the Man.

EPILOGUE.

Written by the ſame Authour: Spoken by Mrs. *Cooke*.

MUCH Time and Trouble this poor Play has coſt;
And, faith, I doubted once the Cauſe was loſt.
Yet no one Man was meant; nor Great nor Small;
Our Poets, like frank Gameſters, threw at all.
They took no ſingle Aim: ——
But, like bold Boys, true to their Prince and hearty,
Huzza'd, and fir'd Broad-ſides at the whole Party.
Duells are Crimes; but when the Cauſe is right,
In Battel, every Man is bound to fight.
For what ſhou'd hinder Me to ſell my Skin
Dear as I cou'd, if once my hand were in?
Se defendendo never was a Sin.
'Tis a fine World, my Maſters, right or wrong,
The Whiggs muſt talk, and Tories hold their tongue.
They muſt doe all they can——
But We, forſooth, muſt bear a Chriſtian mind;
And fight, like Boys, with one Hand ty'd behind;
Nay, and when one Boy's down, 'twere wondrous wiſe,
To cry, Box fair, and give him time to riſe.

When

EPILOGUE.

When Fortune favours, none but Fools will dally:
Wou'd any of you Sparks, if *Nan* or *Mally*
Tipt you th'inviting Wink, ſtand ſhall I, ſhall I?
A *Trimmer* cry'd, (that heard me tell this Story)
Fie, Miſtreſs *Cooke!* faith you're too rank a Tory!
Wiſh not Whiggs hang'd, but pity their hard Caſes;
You Women love to ſee Men make wry Faces.
Pray, Sir, ſaid I, don't think me ſuch a *Jew*,
I ſay no more, but give the Dev'l his due.
Lenitives, ſays he, ſuit beſt with our Condition.
Jack Ketch, ſays I, 's an excellent Phyſician.
I love no Bloud——. Nor I, Sir, as I breath;
But hanging is a fine dry kind of Death.
We *Trimmers* are for holding all things even:
Yes——juſt like him that hung 'twixt Hell and Heaven.
Have we not had Mens Lives enow already?
Yes ſure:——but you're for holding all things ſteddy:
Now ſince the Weight hangs all on one ſide, Brother,
You *Trimmers* ſhou'd, to poize it, hang on t'other.
Damn'd Neuters, in their middle way of ſteering,
Are neither Fiſh, nor Fleſh, nor good Red-Herring:
Not Whiggs, nor Tories they; nor this, nor that;
Not Birds, nor Beaſts; but juſt a kind of Bat:
A Twilight Animal, true to neither Cauſe,
With Tory Wings, but Whiggiſh Teeth and Claws.

ANOTHER

EPILOGUE

Intended to have been Spoken to the PLAY, before it was forbidden, laſt Summer.

Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

TWO Houſes joyn'd, two Poets to a Play?
You noiſy Whiggs will ſure be pleas'd to day;
It looks ſo like two Shrieves the City way.
But ſince our Diſcords and Diviſions ceaſe,
You, Bilbo Gallants, learn to keep the Peace:

Make

EPILOGUE.

Make here no Tilts: let our Poor Stage alone;
Or if a decent Murther muſt be done,
Pray take a Civil turn to *Marybone*.
If not, I ſwear we'll pull up all our Benches;
Not for your ſakes, but for our Orange-Wenches:
For you thruſt wide ſometimes; and many a Spark,
That miſſes one, can hit the other Mark.
This makes our Boxes full; for Men of Senſe
Pay their four Shillings in their own defence:
That ſafe behind the Ladies they may ſtay;
Peep o'er the Fan, and Judg the bloudy Fray.
But other Foes give Beauty worſe alarms;
The *Poſſe Poetarum*'s up in Arms:
No Womans Fame their Libells has eſcap'd;
Their Ink runs Venome, and their Pens are Clap'd.
When Sighs and Pray'rs their Ladies cannot move,
They Rail, write Treaſon, and turn Whiggs to love.
Nay, and I fear they worſe Deſigns advance, (*France*,
There's a damn'd Love-trick new brought o'er from
We charm in vain, and dreſs, and keep a Pother,
While thoſe falſe Rogues are Ogling one another.
All Sins beſides, admit ſome expiation;
But this againſt our Sex is plain Damnation.
They joyn for Libells too, theſe Women-haters;
And as they club for Love, they club for Satyrs:
The beſt on't is they hurt not: for they wear
Stings in their Tayls; their onely Venom's there.
'Tis true, ſome Shot at firſt the Ladies hit,
Which able Markeſmen made and Men of Wit:
But now the Fools give fire, whoſe Bounce is louder;
And yet, like mere Train-bands, they ſhoot but Powder.
Libells, like Plots, ſweep all in their firſt Fury;
Then dwindle like an *Ignoramus* Jury:
Thus Age begins with Towzing and with Tumbling;
But Grunts, and Groans, and ends at laſt in Fumbling.

FINIS.

Newly Printed, The Prologue and Epilogue to the King and Queen, at the Opening of their Theatre.
Religio Laici, or a Lay-man's Faith. A Poem. Both Written by Mr. *Dryden*.

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